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THE TOWER OF LONDON.

IN the days when the woods and forests of Old England rang to the march of the Roman soldiers—when Britain, with the other nations of the earth, had to confess that she had no king but Cæsar, the conquerors built eastward of Londinum a strong tower. This is asserted by some, and stoutly denied by others. It has sometimes been called Cæsar's Tower, and this is thought to have been a most perfect confirmation of its Roman origin; but the weight of evidence seems to lie on the other side of the question, and so old a date cannot be safely ascribed to any part of the remaining building. More than this, it is to be doubted very strongly whether any such tower was ever built by the Romans at all.

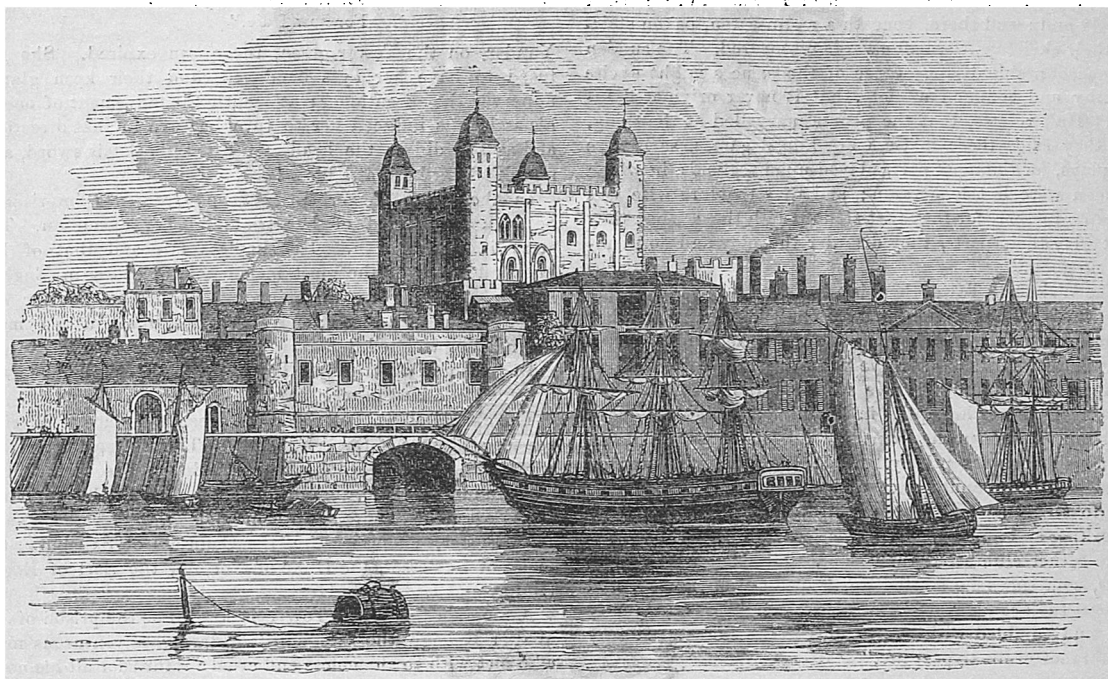
"The towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,

By many a foul and midnight murder fed,"

were never built by Julius, and are, therefore, wrongly christened with his name.

But though the conquering Romans did not build the Tower, the invading Normans did. When William came and

the animals which had been presented to him by the Emperor Frederick. Henry III. and Long-shank Edward made very considerable additions to the fortress. They built new towers and strengthened the old ones, and did not forget to build under the earth as well as above it; so that there were prisons under palaces, dungeons under throne-rooms, light laughter, mazy dances, cheerful meetings, pomp and splendour, bitterness, misery, wretched hopeless imprisonment, under the same roof. Edward III. built a chapel, and kings and great men after him bestowed wealth upon it and its ministers; for this was the way iniquity got purged, in feudal times, and superstitious people fancied they could get to heaven. In the reign of Edward IV. the fortifications were greatly enlarged. The White Tower was afterwards entirely rebuilt. Charles II. thoroughly repaired the whole, and added several new buildings, and the various bulwarks were thus named:—White Tower, Lion's Tower, Bell Tower, Beauchamp Tower, Fleet Tower, Dwelling Tower, Bowyer Tower, Martin Tower,



RIVER VIEW OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

saw and conquered; when the neighbourhood of Hastings bore witness to his triumph; when the last cry of the "Holy Cross" of the Saxons had died out, and hill and dale re-echoed the "God help us" of the Normans; when mouldering embers were the footprints which the conqueror left as he advanced on London, and Southwark—pleasant ville—was laid in ashes, the new monarch determined to erect a strong tower—a place which should afford him a secure retreat, a noble palace, an impregnable fortress, a dismal prison, which should overawe the citizens, and remain for centuries to come a memorial of his conquest and his victory. So William built the Tower of London. At that time it consisted of nothing more than that which is at present known as the White Tower. This building was so called on account of the extreme whiteness of its walls. It was completed in the year 1076, its walls being fourteen feet thick, and the mortar, says Fitz-Stephen, tempered with the blood of beasts to make it the more durable. Red William, his son and successor, surrounded the Tower with walls and a broad and deep ditch, in some parts 120 feet wide. Henry Beauchamp built the Lion's Tower; and the record is still preserved which orders the erection of the cages, "fair and large," for the reception of

Wakefield Tower, Castle Tower, Broad Arrow Tower, Salt Tower, Well Tower, Cradle Tower, Lantern Tower, St. Thomas's Tower, Hall Tower, and the Bloody Tower.

Entering the Tower, the first fortress which attracts attention is the Bell Tower. It is the prison of Queen Elizabeth. There she lingered for a long season, with the recollection of the fact that her mother, the "gentle Anne," and the hapless Jane, the twelve days' queen, had perished by the headsman's axe. For her, Mary, the reigning queen, had conceived the most implacable hatred, probably on account of the quarrel between their mothers. In the Tower, ever since the Normans had pressed English soil, black deeds and huge wrong-doing had gone on. Before councils where might was law, the innocent had pleaded in vain and died unpitied. There prisoners had groaned in cold dark chambers, still to be seen, and known no human sympathy or care; and there the legal scribes recorded answers shrieked upon the rack. Doubtless Mary would have been well satisfied to have rid herself of her sister, as Richard rid himself of troublesome nephews, or Edward IV. of an unruly brother. But she durst not do it. No evidence could be obtained that could be at all relied upon. The princess defended herself with the utmost calmness, and

public sympathy was aroused. So there, in yonder Bell Tower, the Princess Elizabeth pined—

"Much suspected of me,
Nothing proved can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

Often she said, a milkmaid's life was merrier than hers; and with a piece of charcoal wrote upon a shutter the touching lines which have been preserved by Hentzner:—

"Oh, fortune, how this restless wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled wit!
Witness this present prison, whither fate
Could bear me, and the joys I quit.
Thou caus'dst the guilty to be loos'd
From bands wherein are innocence inclosed;
Causing the guiltless to be straight reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved:
But by her envy can be nothing wrought,
So God send to my foes all they have wrought,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

Near at hand to this Bell Tower is a strange dark building of "lugubrious aspect," one says, and which is known as the Bloody Tower. There the children of Edward IV. met their untimely end; and there, beneath a worm-eaten, oaken staircase, their skeletons were afterwards discovered. The sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the princes might excite sympathy and common anxiety, but it never originated inquiry. Hall relates, that the people marvelled at the thing, but "they said, these matters are kings' games, as it were stage plays, for the most part, played upon scaffolds, in which poor men were but lookers-on; and they that are wise will meddle no further, for they that step up with them, when they cannot play their parts, they disorder the play and do themselves no good."

In the Wakefield Tower there is a large octagon room, where Henry VI. is said to have been assassinated. Shakspeare has immortalised this tragic history. That strange old room—dark, grim, mysterious—saw the "aspiring blood of Lancaster sink into the ground." "He who did the deed," an old writer says, "never had quiet in his mind; he never thought himself sure. When he went abroad, his eyes wandered about; his body was privily fenced; his hand was ever on his dagger; his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike again. He took ill rest at nights, and lay long waking and musing. Sore wearied with care and watching, he rather slumbered than slept. Troubled with fearful dreams, sometimes he started up, leaped out of his bed, and ran about the chamber. So was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his bypast life."

The Beauchamp Tower served as a prison for Anne Boleyn, besides many, many others. Not without reason had good old Sir Thomas More said to his daughter Margaret, when she told him that Queen Anne had nothing but dancing and sporting at court—"Alas, Meg! alas, it pitieth me to think into what misery her poor soul will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spin our heads off like foot-balls; but it will not be long ere her own head will dance the like dance."

Once Mademoiselle de Boleyn was the glory of the court, and the French ambassador notes in his report, "I believe the king to be so infatuated with her, that God alone can stay his madness." There were brave doings when the Lady Anne became the Queen of England. In royal state she set out from the Tower. The broad bosom of the Thames saw her queenly triumph, and not long afterwards saw her disgrace. When the dream of glory was over, and the barge floated under the dark entrance to the old fortress, and Anne felt that the love of the king was clean gone for ever, she fell on the stone steps, and laughed, and wept, and cried in her agony, "Jesus, have mercy on me!" When the trial was over, she sat in a chamber of the old Beauchamp Tower, and sang her own death-dirge in words which are still preserved:—

"O death, rock me asleep,
Bring on my quiet rest;
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast;
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let its sound my death tell.
Death doth draw nigh;
There is no remedy,
For now I die."

Yonder, on the Tower-green, the queen expired. She refused to have her eyes bandaged, and their keen glance unnerved the executioner; at length the movement of one of his assistants induced her to turn her eye in that direction, and as she did so the headsman lifted his Calais sword, and struck off her head at a blow!

In the Brick Tower Lady Jane Grey was imprisoned between the period of her trial and her execution. The story is well known. Her hapless fate and that of her husband is one of the most melancholy episodes in English history. "Never was more innocent blood shed; never was purer virtue sacrificed; never was eternal justice more wounded or violated."

In a room of the Bowyer Tower the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of malmsey.

The chapel of St. Peter's on the green is a place of pilgrimage for all lovers of English history. There sleep some of the wisest and the best who ever owned England as their fatherland; and there, too, side by side, rest some of the worst and most degraded. There sleep Anne Boleyn, Catherine Howard, John Fisher, Thomas More, the Countess of Salisbury, the Duke of Somerset, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Essex, Dudley and Lady Jane Grey.

A room in the White Tower is known as the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh, the high-spirited, daring, adventurous man, who met with so shameless and cruel a return for all his noble services; and there is not a room, or a staircase, or a dungeon, but has its own old story; stories of virtue and purity, and vice and pollution, of glory and shame, of royal splendours, fierce war and faithful love, and deeds that have no name. But who thinks of all these things now? What is the Tower of London but an antiquated show place, where a beef-eater in an absurd and out-of-the-way costume, and carrying a halbert half as tall again as himself, exhibits, for a small gratuity, the arms and armour of other days and the glory of a modern regalia?

THE SACRED DEBT.

SECOND PART.

To effect the object already specified, our four amateurs occupied themselves in preparations for their tour. They selected the finest airs of the opera, and the sweetest melodies of Germany, which they practised with great care, in order to bring their performance to the highest possible perfection. Ernest, the first violin, played with the skill of an artist, and his companions were not much his inferiors.

Before they set out, Ernest wished them to see the little farm which he had discovered. They accompanied him to the Pré Fleuri, and found that their friend had evinced no less taste than good sense in the whole affair.

He who had conceived the project did not share the joyous anticipations of his three companions. Ernest had consulted his mother before making his decision, and acknowledged with her, that the intended scheme, without being offensive either to God or man, was, nevertheless, a miserable expedient—a lamentable necessity.

"Beware, my son," said Catherine, "the life that you are about to lead will expose you to many dangers. Watch over yourself, make your harvest as quickly as possible, and return before the demon has tempted you. A wandering life is a perilous path. What sorrow for your poor mother if she